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VOL. 6. NO. 151.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Nov. 15, 1862.

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A HINT TO YOUNG SOLDIERS:

SHOWING THE EXCELLENT PLAN ADOPTED BY LIEUTENANT PEPPERCORN TO ACCUSTOM HIMSELF TO THE WHIZZING OF SHELLS ABOUT HIS EARS.

Tunes for Neptune.

WE perceive, by some of the serenade programmes, that there is a new air called the "Green Seal Galop"—a name that can hardly have reference to the gentlemanly and well-educated Seal at BARNUM'S, which certainly is not green. The thing is suggestive, however, and perhaps some composer possessed with plenty of Animal Spirits will follow out the idea by treating us to such a series as "The Porpoise Polka," "The Shark Schottische," "The Walrus Waltz," and such like. All these tunes, of course, should be dedicated to NEP-TUNE.

THE Craft of the British administration.
The "Alabama."

THE "Poet's Corner."
Gin.

"What's in a Name"

A NEW paper called the *Porcupine* has lately been established in this city. We do not know who the "quills upon the fretful *Porcupine*" are; but we trust that the journal in question will not stick its subscribers.

A Question for Gov. Boutwell.

DOES the General Rule taxing all Dealers apply to Dealers at Whist?

VANITY FAIR TO PUNCH.

COUSIN:

When a friendly joke
You at Uncle used to poke—
Uncle SAM I mean—your "chaff"
Made me shake my bells and laugh.
But, since libels gross and foul
As the mutterings of a ghoul,
'Gainst the cause to true men dear,
You have breathed in England's ear,
With my bauble for a goad
I must prick you, whispering toad.

Cottoning to the Rebel Cause,
Flouting Northern rights and laws,
Patting Treason on the back,
Painting Freedom's eagle black,
Cracking up the Stars and Bars,
Hissing at the Stripes and Stars—
English fair-play call you this,
Crook-backed MEPHISTOPHELES?

Once with manly mien and tone,
Twixt the Commons and the Throne,
You were wont to take your stand,
Lashing wrong on every hand.
Now to sordid interests wed,
Warped alike in heart and head,
Spotted traitors you uphold—
Have you pocketed their gold?

Like a kettle, cracked and frail,
Bobbing at a bull-dog's tail,
As the *London Times* makes play,
You bob after it alway.

Meaner still! with low salaam,
Stretching forth your itching palm,
With a beggar's whine and leer,
You ask for *new subscriptions here.**
Won't you get them! Send us stacks
Of you slanders, lad o' wax;
Come yourself and bring your cur,
Turn-a-penny libeller!
Meanwhile, worshipper of JEFF,
I am yours, with scorn,

V. F.

Amendment Needed.

WE hear a deal about suspending the Habeas Corpus; but when the Government catches a Traitor, why doesn't it suspend the Corpus, and let the Habeas go?

About Brutes.

THE diversity of habits in the lower animals is remarkable.

It is said to be difficult to catch a Weasel asleep, for instance; but only a few days since a gentleman brought a case of Kid-napping in Broadway before the Police authorities.

Nice But True Distinction.

IF we suffer John Bull to go on fitting out Confederate steamers against our commerce, somebody will be likely, in a happy moment of inspiration, to observe that his Privateers are very lucky, and that our Private Ears are very long.

---

* The proprietors of *Punch* have employed agents in this country to drum up subscribers for their new volume.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

RIVAL to Mr. WALLACK'S fox is likely to appear at the Academy in the attractive form of a goat. What *rôle* is assigned to it I am not informed. If it is as important a one as that assigned to the fox in "Bosom Friends," Mr. GRAU is right in insisting, as he is not apt to do with the subordinate members of his company, that the creature shall at least be well brought up.

The opera it is to figure in is "Dinorah or the Pardon of Ploermel," and the fact that a goat is required in it I learn from the following advertisement copied verbatim from yesterday's *Herald:*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC — DINORAH.
Wanted, a Goat for the new opera, DINORAH. A good price will be given for a well-trained animal. Apply at the stage-door.

At last accounts, some twenty goats had presented themselves at the Academy for acceptance, and had all been rejected on account of some neglect in their early education. Their appearance in Irving Place had occasioned no little consternation in that fashionable locality, and but for the fact that they were candidates for academic honors, they might have been summarily expelled. As it was, they were treated with great respect.

GRAU'S interview with them is said to have been very funny, especially when he was expressing his surprise that none of them had ever "made opera." The truth is, they were all from the country, and having nothing particular to do in the city, had answered the *Herald* advertisement as a kind of *dernier resort.*

I tried to get the libretto of the opera this morning to find out what on earth so unmusical an individual as a goat could have to do in it, but as there are no librettos to be had until they are bawled into your ears at the Academy, I must postpone further discourse upon the subject—despite its interest—until next week, when I hope to be able to give you all the particulars from personal observation.

Meanwhile, I hear that, the goat aside, "Dinorah" is a charming opera, and that the leading *rôle* has been given to Mlle. CORDIER, who was such a pet some years since in New-Orleans, and who is said to be as remarkable for her genius as GUERRABELLA is for her beauty.

I take for granted, Mr. Printer, that you have heard of GUERRABELLA, (Miss WARD that was,) for her beauty is the town-talk, and those who have seen her at rehearsals tell me that she will make as much of a sensation among us as PICCOLOMINI did—and PICCOLOMINI drove half of our young men crazy. The interest of the new *prima donna's* appearance will be not a little enhanced by the fact that she is a New-Yorker and has made the grand tour. I hear that she is to make her *début* to-night in "La Traviata," and, from all accounts, I should say she would make as pretty and *piquante* a *Violetta* as we have ever had.

The opera we are all familiar with, and the story of it—the touching story of CAMILLE—has been told with so much rude power at NIBLO'S during the last week by MATILDA HERON, that we almost need a musical version of it to soften down the picture, and invest it with something more of poetic charm.

Miss HERON'S *Camille* is not lacking, to be sure, in either delicacy or grace, but it is drawn with a boldness which at times almost repels, while its coloring, warm throughout, becomes so vivid in certain parts as to remind one of the courtesans painted with such cruel fidelity by RUBENS. We have no such masterpiece of realization on the stage; and I confess, for one, that but for now and then an air from "Traviata," which pervaded the scene like an atmosphere, I should almost have shrunk from it. It has such a strange fascination, however, for the multitude, that they flock night after night to behold it, and go home saying of HERON, "Never woman spake like this woman;" and of CAMILLE, "Never woman suffered like this."

I was thankful, myself, not only for the occasional relief of the music, but even for the humorous—the more than humorous, the comic—delineations of Miss WELLS and Mr. BECKS, who, in the characters of *Prudence* and *Gaston*, gave us a kind of burlesque reverse of the central figure, and actually compelled us to merriment.

Mr. BECKS did better than this, for in one or two scenes he gave us a view of the light and frivolous *Gaston* which made us see below the surface of the character certain streaks of goodness enriching it like veins of pure gold.

With a little more art, Miss WELLS might have done the same with *Prudence:* while as for Miss HERON, her *Camille* presented a picture of gold and dross, massed so inscrutably together, that when at last the terrible death-scene is over, we all become elated by the thought that the two elements will now be forever separated—and that after dust shall be consigned to dust, and dross to dross, there will remain nothing but the pure gold to endure forever.

I am not sure but this is the great lesson of the play. At any rate, I advise my friends the moralists in Brooklyn, (where it is to be played this week,) just to go and examine it in this light, and then say whether those who accuse them of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a *Camille*," are not, after all, much more wise than wise.

I can think of nothing else to say this week, Mr. Printer, except that GABRIEL RAVEL and Troupe commence another engagement tonight at NIBLO'S; that Mr. BOOTH is to appear presently in a new play by TOM TAYLOR, entitled "The Fool's Revenge;" that Miss NINA FOSTER, supported by Mr. THEODORE THOMAS the violinist, Mr. HARRY SANDERSON the pianist, Mrs. FARNHAM the vocalist, and others, will give one of her charming entertainments next Wednesday, in Irving Hall; and, finally, that Mr. LESTER WALLACK'S new version of "Speed the Plough" is pronounced to be greatly superior to the original, and only wanting a steam-plough, a mowing-machine, and a first-class rake, to be perfect.

Yours,
PIPPS.

NEW-YORK, Nov. 10th.

ODE TO BUNKUM.

AFTER MILTON — A LONG WAY.

Hail! monster windy,
Of Humbug and of Selfish Cunning born,
That dost exalt thine horn
'Mongst gaping fools in every party shindy,
But shirkest ball and shell
Where manhood to the breeze our banner flings
And the red sabre swings.
In danger cheapest of all coward cocks—
Possum at once and fox—
Fain would I sound thy everlasting knell!
Would this glorious land could be
Purged, throughout its bounds, of thee:
But thou art—alas! for us!—
Deathless as ubiquitous.
Loud thy speech at tavern-bars,
Much thy talk of stripes and stars,
Though to thee our holy flag
Only symbolizes "swag."
Men with plunder overblown
Thou hast helped to all thy own;
Congress, Cabinet, and Camp
Know thee, omnipotent scamp!
Various, Bunkum, are thy shapes
As the tribes of Afric's apes;
Now a Red-tape lad-o'-wax
Much extolled by party hacks;
Now a strutting Brigadier,
Long alike of tongue and ear;
Now a Statesman—save the mark!—
Who would smash our Union Ark,
From its wreck a raft to make
For Black Phillis, Pete, and Jake.
Scurrile jests and Saurian tears,
Fawning speeches, fiendish sneers,
Psalms and hymns and blasphemy,
Monster, come alike to thee.
Oh! for some sequestered spot,
Vowed to Truth, where thou wert not.

SONGS FOR THE 900,000.

If anything were wanting to prove the dearth of real philanthropy among the ultra abolitionists, we think it may be drawn from the fact that no poet of that stripe has yet conceived the idea of writing a series of Camp-Songs for General Greeley's 900,000 warriors. We have looked in vain to the poet's corner of the *Tribune*, for an occasional contribution of that lighter kind of lyric so fascinating when chorussed over the camp-fire by one million minus one hundred thousand pilgrims to the sources of the Niger. The *Evening Post*, supported though it be upon a poetical staff, has never contributed one stanza calculated to keep the negro in a cheerful light before the minds of those who are suffering unparalleled hardships for him by field and flood. There seems to be no sympathy for the brave 900,000 now burning to wallow in gunpowder for the benefit of the Black. Save them from their *soi-disant* friends! Be it our task to mollify the "hard lines" in immediate preparation for them.

Song-writing is, perhaps, the most difficult branch of the poetic art; on which account, as well as on some others, we are not exactly going into it for the benefit of the 900,000 abolishers composing the army of General Greeley. All we can do at present is to suggest: by introducing a few snatches of melody flavored with that dying cadence now so well suited to the sad abolitionist, we may, perhaps, induce the Æolus of the sect to string up his lyre, and go in for a jolly old dirge.

Here is a sweet thing in flowers—as the milliners say when they meditate a transaction in bonnets:

> The charcoal blooms in conscious pride
> Upon the bank of snow:
> Then why the lily-white deride
> Who for the coal-black go?
> Sing 2 mula mulee,
> 2 mula muatter.

The logic of the above stanza is of a far superior kind to that known as the "inexorable logic of circumambient events:" it is a reliable article, warranted to require washing: all the rabid abolitionists wear it next their skin, which accounts for their being such a cheerful, rosy, voluptuous set. We think the introduction of the numeral figure in the chorus neat. It is a variation on the old, traditional "two ral loo," which has been played upon so long that it is about time for it to be played out.

Something with a seasoning of piety about it may occasionally be acceptable in the camp, to check the boisterous levity of the 900,000. Perhaps it would not be amiss to offer the following as a working model:

> There is not in the wide world a thing so complete
> As an ebony idol with sixteen-inch feet,
> La ge-jointed, genteel, as a Nineveh bull—
> Let us bow down before it, we wool, boys, we wool!
> For we are a band of brothers,
> We are a band of brothers,
> 900,000 brothers,
> Till daylight doth appear!

Hypercritical persons may think, perhaps, that there is something inconsequential in the last line of the refrain. Quite the reverse, good hypercritics, we assure you. The appearance of daylight, which is just beginning to dawn, will dispel a good many other illusions besides that of the rabid abolitionists being a band of brothers. Truth will sometimes ooze out between the staves of a song.

A Brew at Naples.

Late European mails inform us that "a Bourbon conspiracy, fomented by the clerical party, had been discovered in Naples."

We are not aware who furnished the "Bourbon" on the festive little occasion referred to, but there can be little doubt that plenty of hot water was provided by the "clerical party."

Singular Coincidence.

That Captain Ezra Nye should rise and sing the praises of General Walbridge at a public meeting, and that the General should unexpectedly find in his pocket an endorsement of himself by Henry Clay, certifying that at that time he was a gentleman who might be safely trusted to go abroad and mingle in gay and festive society. Considering that the General was not posted beforehand as to the next little speech to be made by the Captain, this is the most extraordinary coincidence upon record.

"A Union Fete Champetre at Fort Washington.

Such is the heading of an editorial in the *Herald* of the 5th inst., in which J. G. B., burying the hatchet extends a cordial invitation to Messrs. Weed, Greeley, Bryant and others, to visit him at Washington Heights. It is true that V. F. is omitted by name, but the delicate compliment conveyed in the concluding sentence is too palpable for us to overlook:

> "But, far beyond all the choicest viands of the four quarters of the globe, and the finest old wines collected from France to the Holy Land, in their harmonizing influences, *we rely upon the charming society of other guests who will be present.*"

James, this is almost too much—but we shall be there.

"GUROW!"

European noblemen have a certain *prestige* with regard to their proficiency in the use of "gentlemanly weapons," such as the sword, rapier, foil, and other implements for the earnest combat or the mimic tilt. There are a good many professional terms among swordsmen for these weapons—slang terms would perhaps be a better expression. We have frequently heard a fencing-master call a sword a "spit," in allusion to its resemblance to the long pointed bar upon which a goose is usually cooked; and the same weapon is frequently apostrophized as "my cheese-toaster," by ardent young lieutenants just out of their tailor's clutches.

There is a celebrated foreign nobleman residing among us, and his name it is Gurowski, and his designation Count. He is a great proficient in weapons. All men run away when they see the Count Gurowski coming, or even when they hear of his being in town. He carries a "spit."

This famous Count Gurowski has challenged Mr. John Van Buren—who is also a nobleman, to the extent of Prince—to mortal combat. In his cartel he uses the word "spit," Gurowski does, saying that on account of Prince John having reviled General Wadsworth in a speech, he, Gurowski, will *not*, therefore, spit in the Princely face.

We admire Gurowski for this reserve with regard to Prince John: but can it be that the courtly Gurowski, in making this exception, intimates that the "spit" is ever used as a weapon among gentlemen except in its playful acceptation as a sword?

Confound those cats on the house-top! there they go spitting at each other after the chivalrous manner of their kind when they fight: but they have no business to keep a fellow awake half the night with their pestiferous cries of "Gurow! Gurow!"

Interesting to Mr. Barnum.

A Maine paper gives an account of an aged preacher—ninety-five years old, we think—who has lately bloomed out with "new hair—the hair of his youth—new teeth, and new eyes."

The general health of the old gentleman is stated to be good, although we should not have been surprised had the Maine paper stated that he was occasionally troubled with *cholera infantum*, as well as subject to draft.

THE PLEASANT RECOGNITION.

Interesting Child, (to Policeman.)—"I KNOW YOU—YOU TOOK MY FADER TO DE 'TATION-HOUSE GIM ME A PENNY!"

Good Gracious!

IT is proposed in Pennsylvania to send JAMES BUCHANAN to the United States Senate! We would laugh at this, if we could, but it's a pretty solemn business to those who have friends buried in that State, for they will be rifling the cemeteries for candidates next, and each party will have a Resurrection Committee. Don't, gentlemen, be misled by words! J. B. may be the Old Pa of his country, but it is well known that he never was the Father of anything, his proudest public service being that he allowed the BUCHANAN breed to become extinct. This patriotism certainly entitles him to Go To Pieces in Peace.

Convert the Heathen.

THE Bible Society is publishing Bibles with Flexible Covers for the Army; why not send one to Senator SIMMONS, of Rhode Island? The Flexible Cover will be just the thing for a Flexible Conscience.

Bleached and Brown—A Coincidence.

THE Domestic Dry Goods Market is reported as follows: "Bleached goods for the last two years have not advanced in the same ratio with Brown Fabrics." It has been the same in the Political Market. White men have been nowhere, and John Brown Fabrics exceedingly lively.

Forgeries with the Fur on.

SOME fellow has been doing a few of the Pennsylvania Banks with forged drafts to a large amount. He represented himself as being connected with the fur trade in New-York—which is quite possible, if we take the Latin meaning of the word *fur*, which signifies a thief.

"POLITIQUE POSITIVE."

OUR Political Joker, in the course of his peregrinations from Poll to Poll on Election-day, jotted down certain striking illustrations of popular sentiment which came under his observation, and has since thrown his hasty memoranda into the rough—or rather rough-and-tumble—verse presented below. M. COMTE'S "Positive Politics" may be more polished, but they are less positive than ours:

"You going to vote WADSWORTH—sa-ay now, Spooney?"
"What's that to you?" (Here Spooney gets a whack.)
"BIN WOOD for iver!" "What d'ye say, MIKE ROONEY?"
"BIN WOOD for iv—" (MIKE ROONEY on his back.)
"SEYMOUR'S a traitor!" "Is he, though, old Slap-jack?"
"Yes, he's for truckling to the rebel South."
"Shut up, now, Woolly! Set his mug a-tap, JACK."
(Collision bloody 'twixt a fist and mouth.)

"Hurrah for BROOKS!" "Hurrah for Habeas Corpus!"
"Yere's the right ticket—WADSWORTH and TREMAIN."
"Dry up, old bloat!" "You simmer down, young porpus."
(Cheers for "CLAY," "GREELEY," "BENNETT," "BRANCH," and "TRAIN.")
"Ye'll vote for DUFFY?" "No, sir, for FERNANDO."
"Bad luck, then, to the sowl of yez, bedad!"
"Look here, BILL—rush that long-legged Whiskerando—"
"Aw 'pon my life, this cwowding's vewy bad!"

"Where's Mrs. LINCOLN!" "Oh! she's out a-shopping."
"You're all right, Dutchy?" "Yaw, I goes for KORN."
"Room for this crippled soger, he comes hopping
To vote agen old WADSWORTH, sure's your born."
"'JOHN BROWN lies mouldering in his grave'—that's so, boys."
"Yes, and we'll put his Black survivors through."
"We've got em now, let's flap our wings and crow, boys."
(Grand SEYMOUR chorus, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!")

[COMMENTS BY OUR POLITICAL JOKER.]

To tell the truth, the sovereigns were not courtly;
Many forgot their manners in their might;
The weak were carried off their legs, the portly
Amid the crowd unwillingly got tight.
But after all the jubilant majority
Their giant strength good-humoredly displayed;
And though their cause was rotten, the minority
No want of pluck or energy betrayed.

Looks like Business.

THE authorities have appointed, for the Army, a Surgeon-Artist in Wooden Legs. Does this indicate a Forward or Back Movement?

"Simple Expedients."

THE *Philadelphia Press* treats its readers to the following bit of military information:—

"STRAGGLING STOPPED.—The pernicious practice of straggling, heretofore prevalent in the Army of the Potomac, has been effectually checked by a simple expedient. All stragglers, whether officers or men, have one half of their head shaved for the first offence, the whole head shaved for the second, and death is the penalty for the third."

As it appears from the above that neither the "simple expedient" of shaving half, nor that of shaving all the hair off the head has been found an effectual check upon straggling, are we to suppose that the third plan is the only preventive after all, and that it is properly to be looked upon as a "simple expedient"?

Our Bitters.

MEN who are always giving us "bits" of their minds.

THE PILOT IN A SQUALL.

"Eighteen months ago, our noble Ship of State was driven by the storms of faction upon a lee shore. I came aboard at the Captain's call to assist at the helm. . . . If we work in concert and work in earnest, we shall all the sooner carry the precious vessel through all her perils, and greet the waiting nations with the cry, 'All's Well!' —(*Extract from Mr. Seward's Letter of Oct. 28th.*")

OUR EXEMPTION PAPERS.

VERY BODY we have met within the past week, (we are writing three days before the 10th, the day appointed for the draft,) has asked us whether we are enrolled for draft, whether we consider ourselves likely to be drafted, whether we like the idea of being drafted, and, supposing we don't, what measures we are going to take to counteract the effect of the draft? For the reference of the future historian, let us here embody the sentiments expressed by us in reply to these queries. The document, if despised by the present generation, will secure justice for us from posterity—an anticipation so full of cheerful suggestions that we refrain with difficulty from knocking off a column or two of jokes about it.

Drafting is altogether an objectionable thing, and we "don't see it;" at least we wish we didn't, but we do. Every time we passed near a Police Station, of late, we found ourselves converted into one of the caudal vertebræ of a long *queue* of anxious persons—mostly cripples fitted out with all the latest improvements—waiting to get their exemption papers and out of the draft.

As for ourselves, we positively decline being drafted, or having ourselves drawn, or whatever they call it. It would be preposterous to have VANITY FAIR metamorphosed into a Conscript Father. We admire the spirit of one of our artists, who sturdily refused to give any information that might lead to his being drafted, on the grounds that "it would be ridiculous to draw for a conscript a cove that draws for VANITY FAIR." That young man is going to soar by and by; we doubled his salary upon the spot, and then dismissed him for discouraging enlistment.

We have about ninety-six powerful reasons for exemption, but shall confine ourselves to offering a few of the mildest to the consideration of the reader. Here they are:

Reason 1. We are seventy-one years, four months, and two days old, though we are invariably taken to be no more than thirty-five years, three months, and seventeen hours. This is the reward of a virtuous life, and it would be flagitious to draft us for it.

Reason 2. Our legs are entirely deceptive. One of them is perfectly ridiculous in its action; so much so, indeed, that we have made arrangements with a surgeon (not an army surgeon, by a long chalk) for taking it off, and substituting a Selpho patent in its place.

Reason 3. Our teeth are so few and far between that we can't masticate a partridge, not to talk of biting a cartridge.

Reason 4. We have no wind to speak of, and what we have is so short that it wouldn't carry us over the Long Bridge into Virginia.

Reason 5. Contains several reasons. Our sight is so bad that we cannot see that of a rifle at short range. We have totally lost the hearing of whichever ear might happen to be next the word of command, and we were told by our writing-master, about sixty years ago, that our "fingers were all thumbs," so that pulling a trigger never was one of our accomplishments.

If the drafters would like to have the balance of our ninety-six reasons, and if it is not too late, they shall be attended to with neatness and dispatch on calling at the office of VANITY FAIR.

THE CLOVEN FOOT.

IT is but a week or two since we found ourselves called upon to complain of the singular dearth of marvels, such as large pumpkins, honest contractors, and the like, and it was with great satisfaction, consequently, that we hit upon the following slip from an English paper:

"MR. BENJAMIN JONES, a farmer of Nannesch, Wales, lost his watch about two years ago; and to his surprise he found it a few days ago embedded in the cleft of the foot of one of his cows. The farmer himself vouches for the truth of the story."

We were so interested in the above that we did not rest until we found a relation of JONES, (name JONES, also, JOHN,) who is a resident of this city, and from whom we gained the following particulars connected with the circumstance.

The cow, which had previously been of very irregular habits, was observed to arrive at the farmyard, for milking, at exactly five minutes past eight o'clock, every evening, after the watch was missed. Her owner, who had never previously disposed of any of his produce except for cash, found himself impelled by some mysterious influence to sell all the milk given by that particular cow, after the loss of the watch, on Tick; and he also observed that his Watch-dog, during the same period, kept a very sharp nose upon this cow, as if he smelt a rat. The cheese from milk yielded by this cow had a very rich golden hue, and the dairy-maids employed in making it always struck at twelve o'clock, noon—on account of the watch being a repeater, perhaps. Mr. JONES is quite sure that he found the watch in a cow's hoof—not in a horn.

"Presentation of a Charger."

WE hear a good deal of the above sort of compliment being paid to military heroes; but, alas! we do not belong to that class ourselves, and the only chargers we get are "little bills" with extra charges upon them on account of tax.

HOW THE TRIBUNE FOOLED US.

OUR friend HORACE has treated us badly. Acting upon our friendly offer, we furnished him in advance of the election with a dozen good reasons why the Abolition Republican party was defeated, and he has most shamefully taken advantage of our innocent confidence, and wilfully altered them. Let the lovers of fair play read the *Tribune* editorial of the 5th instant and compare it with the following:

"OUR ELECTION.

"Never was a great and patriotic party doomed to bear up against such a combination of adverse influences as those with which the Republicans and Union War Democrats struggled in our contest of yesterday. They were compelled to bear up at the polls"—

1. Every partisan of abolition and sympathizer with Fourierism, Gold-pen, and Strawberry-plant premiums.

2. The Great Gun Contract interest organized as a political power, and lavishing funds as well as efforts in opposition to an imbecile and unfair War Department.

3. Nine Hundred Thousand warriors who never smelt powder, but who were unhappily pledged by GREELEY, BRYANT, ANDREW & Co. to do so, and were therefore fearfully exasperated.

4. Thousands who thought with GREELEY that the Southern States, if they wished to secede, had a right to do so.

5. Every coward who editorially abused the administration he had helped to elect, and then eating his own words, accused decent men of doing it.

6. Every sneak who cried out "Traitor" and "Secessionist," and threatened to hang all those who were not living on the pap of the Government.

7. The depressing effect upon the party consequent upon the fear that either GREELEY or RAYMOND might be elected Senator.

8. The dead weight we had to carry, of the fattened ox DICKINSON, and the heavy leaders of the *Evening Post* and New-York *Times*.

9. The uncertainty as to whether JAMES S. WADSWORTH did send a ship-load of produce to Ireland at his own expense, whether he did many other beneficent acts, and whether he was really a hero at Bull Run; the whole composing such a muddle that it is estimated the loss to General WADSWORTH and the Abolition ticket from this source alone must be tens of thousands.

10. The barefaced attempt of the *Tribune* at endeavoring to persuade sensible men that it was the exponent of a loyal party, while it was notoriously a vile sheet which did not once scruple to insult the feelings of every true patriot by the publication of the following lines in its columns:

"Tear down that flaunting lie!
Half-mast the starry flag!
Insult no sunny sky
With Hate's polluted rag!"

The concluding paragraph is our own, and we feel proud that in this instance he has done us justice:

"The War for the Union must be fought out speedily and resolutely, or it will die out. Defeat would be calamity, but delay is ruin."

And thus we leave the matter to an intelligent public.

ART-CONFECTIONERY.

Julia, (who has talents in that way.)—"NOW, JOHNNY, WHAT SHALL I PUT ON YOUR 'TURN-OVER' ?"

Johnny, (who has taste in that way.)—"DON'T CARE. GENERAL MCCLELLAN ON HORSEBACK, OR THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM."

The Comparative Degree.

A MINNESOTA paper, expatiating on the mildness of the Fall season up in that region, says that Crickets are yet active in the fields.

We can beat Minnesota on grammatical degrees, if not on geographical. Cricketers are yet active in the fields about Hoboken, up to date.

Wanted.

A FOREMAN: — to follow up HINDMAN, who has "precipitately fled beyond the Boston Mountains," from Pea Ridge.

Witty Conceit.

VALENTINE was poring over a morning paper; ORSON was devouring a magazine.

Says VALENTINE, with effusion: "Ha! there's a cry of 'Thief! Thief!'—a correspondent says that FLOYD is coming down the Kanawha Valley."

"Ah! indeed?" put in ORSON, with a yawn. "Reminds me of the story I'm reading—A Roar o' Floyd."

A Reflection among Autumn Leaves.

LIKE the seasons, so are our soldiers. It's the beginning of the Winter and the Clothes of the Summer with them.

Fashionable Arrivals.

AMONG the arrivals chronicled at an up-town hotel, we see the name "VIRTUE, of England."

Was the article so badly used over the water that it had to try its luck with us? We will do what we can for the Virtue of England, but are afraid that it will have a poor time of it here.

SHAMEFUL DISCOURAGEMENT OF MATRIMONY.

MISS WINTERGREEN'S REFLECTIONS.

OH! but this is too bad. Does that BOUTWELL dare to look me in the face and call himself a man? Ten cents tax on every marriage-certificate! BOUTWELL calls it a construction—I call it destruction. For heaven's sake, weren't the men slow enough in their proposals, and always behindhand before, making a thousand miserable excuses for not coming up to the scratch—if I may be allowed the vulgar expression—pleading poverty and inability to support a family, and the high price of butter? And now, I suppose, the tune will be: My dear, would that this moment we might light the torch of Hymen, but where on earth, charmer of my soul, am I to get ten cents to buy a stamp? Gammon! the Lord knows what they will tax next—they can't do anything more with snuff, and that's a blessing, though going up it is—but parrots will come in for it soon—and, as I ask 'em, where's the safety for cats—and teeth it will be next requiring gums—and my very wig is rising already; and if they'd lowered matrimony to ten cents in old Mr. BUCHANAN'S time, I shouldn't have been surprised, for married he never was nor would be, though widows tempted, but LINCOLN'S a married man, and should know better, considering what an excellent match he made of it—and it's all very well to talk about Union, but how many unions will there be when they've gone and put it on a specie basis, and ten blessed cents you must raise with stamps for the clergymen too before you can approach the shrine of bliss, though where you are to get it, I don't see, and this I suppose is what politicians mean, drat 'em! when they talk of singleness of purpose, and single at this rate we all shall remain and offspring rare—you may sing, and often I've done it, How sweet the sacred tie that binds in union sweet according minds—but BOUTWELL has fixed the value of it at ten cents, and what is before us, considering the number of the people that is killed, and the world thinning out, and——(*Breath exhausted.*)

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

THERE is a singular bit of analogy, not heretofore commented on, we believe, between DÆDALUS, the architect of the famous Cretan Labyrinth, and the modern irrepressible Negro. OVID, we think it is, who says as follows, in his account of the building of that intricate edifice:

"Great Dædalus of Athens was the man
Who made the draught. . . . . ."

And with us, prithee, gentle reader, who is "the man who made the draft?" Who but the irrepressible Negro, but for whom no draft would have been needed.

Prior to VANITY FAIR, all writers upon classical and other subjects were imbued with the grossest ignorance. Think of the travellers, reviewers, and *savants* of all sorts, who have attributed the invention of the Boomerang to the Australasian savage! Then fall back upon your mythological lore, and you will find that DIANA made PROCRIS a present of an arrow which never missed its aim, *and which always returned to the hand of its owner.* If that wasn't a Boomerang, what was it?

There's nothing new in the so-called American fancy drinks. CIRCE, a daughter of TITAN, (originally TIGHT'UN, from his taste for liquor,) was quite famous for the manufacture of herb drinks. It is stated that parties in the habit of frequenting her saloon eventually became metamorphosed into swine—which is precisely the result to be observed in the Broadway saloons of our modern American CIRCES.

Men are tougher, in some respects, than the mythical personages of old. ADONIS was killed by a boar. Thousands have survived the speeches of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

VEGETABLES that require hoeing out.
The Leaks in the War Department.

MAN AND HORSE.

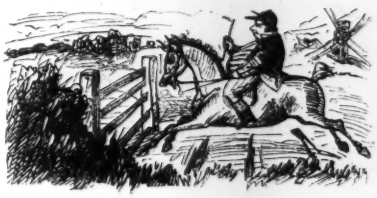
THERE is more than commentators are in general aware of in SHAKESPEARE'S line, "Witching the world with noble horsemanship;" an idea which was probably suggested to him by the well-known superstition about old women who professed the black art, enjoying their constitutional exercise o'nights by curvetting about in the air upon high-spirited broomsticks. This practice may now be reckoned among the lost arts. Broomsticks, indeed, are plenty enough, and cheap, nor are we totally unprovided with witches of a remarkably subtle and dangerous kind; but the difficulty with our witch and our broomstick is to put that and that together. With our man and our horse, the difficulty is to *keep* that and that together. The witchery of horsemanship, so charmingly illustrated by SHAKESPEARE in his description of the great *Zoyara* act performed by "young Harry," certainly has not found an asylum upon our portion of the continent of North-America. Rather, indeed, might the equestrianism of this our time and country, be referred to the machinations of "old Harry." Wherever you meet with a particularly bad pie, the Prince of Darkness is sure to have a finger in it, and that is just the sort of mess our men make when mixed up with our horses.

The only man among us who appears to have the least idea as to what he is talking about, when treating of horsemanship, is CARL BENSON, and he says that we are confoundedly bad riders. It seems likely that we are, as everybody else who knows anything about the business says so, too. This is a great national disgrace. It makes the American inferior to the beggar, in fact, for, "set a beggar on horseback," as the proverb tells us, and we know where he will ride to; but if you set an average New-York man on horseback, the odds are heavy in favor of his falling off before he gets half way. Some will say, Why not establish Government schools of horsemanship, with instructors for inculcating the difference between a horse's head and tail? To this we reply that the remedy would not be complete; the riding-school is, indeed, an admirable institution for teaching the rider that a horse's head isn't a horse's tail, but it usually fails in disabusing him of a proclivity for slipping over either one or the other on the slightest provocation.

There is but one hope for us in the horsemanship direction, and that is to import the fine old ancestral pastime of fox-hunting and go in at it like bricks. That is the institution which makes Englishmen the cheerful, red-faced, muscular, unreserved people we always find them. There is nothing boisterous in their conduct of the great business of a fox-hunt, though. It is marked by a solemn decency much more beneficial in its effects upon the animal spirits than the vulgar, republican mirth attending the less aristocratic raccoon hunt of these shores. To give a full description of an English fox-hunt here, might

ENGLISH NOBLEMEN, ENJOYING THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

be rather tedious, besides being superfluous on account of the life-like representation of it occasionally exhibited in the circus, but we will state, for the information of our readers, that the English fox-hunter, unlike his representative of the arena, does not usually stand up on his horse's back when he is rushing him at a five-barred gate; also, that when a horse breaks through the gate, instead of jumping over it, the effect is very striking. These five-barred gates are a national institution in England, protected for the benefit of the fox-hunter, by law. Who ever heard of a four-barred gate, or a six-barred gate? They would not be allowed. There is a penalty of a fine and imprisonment for one year for each and every bar over or under five, put by any yeoman to a gate upon his farm; and, depend upon it, until we insist upon some such usage here, we shall have no material for cavalry among us. The gates are not meant for the restraint of cattle, or trespassers; they are simply put there to be ridden over, and every farmer must have a certain number of them to an acre, unless he prefers being drawn in a cart to Tyburn, and there hung by the neck until he is dead. We shall never have fox-hunting here, as an institution, until some steps of this kind are taken with our farmers, who would probably object to see a pack of hounds with fifty horsemen after them, crashing through their tomato fields. Let these men reflect a little, though. Let them think of the immense results secured to a nation by red foxes and five-barred gates, and they must acknowledge what a paltry consideration their tomatoes and pumpkins are in comparison. We sometimes think that the old instinct for the chase of the fox is not yet dead within us. See with what enthusiasm the house receives Mr. LESTER WALLACK when he comes bounding upon the stage in full evening costume with a dead fox in his hand, in the last act of "Bosom Friends!" We do not think that the Government could do better than to secure the services of Mr. LESTER WALLACK as master of the Government school of fox-hunting, and this we say without the least desire of disparaging the capacity in that line of Mr. BLAKE, or any other man. Many influential thinkers are now looking to the stage for the regeneration of society; and we think that with the assistance of the fox and the five-barred gate we may be happy yet and raise some reliable dragoons.



A PAIR OF STOUT GATERS

Wouldn't Stay "Retired."

IT is said that the Rebel Captain SEMMES was placed upon the retired list by the United States Naval Board, because he was a "fast man," and therefore an inefficient officer. As the old Fogies objected to his 2.40 gait then, what a pity it is some of them can't overtake him now on his 290.

A Man of Resolution.

WE were not at all surprised to find that General HIRAM WALBRIDGE had finally resolved to take the field for Congress—the only field as a General he has ever taken—as we see from the report of his late speeches that he has been the mover of a large number of Resolutions during the past year.

Let them be Tolled so.

IT is a pleasant old custom in Holland, for young men, when crossing a bridge with young women, to exact toll from them in the shape of a kiss.

Why are the girls not tolled so, here? Gracious knows we are Dutch enough in every other respect!

The Man for the Hour.

GENERAL BANKS is clearly pointed out by circumstances as the Man for the Times in which we live. If we had nothing else to say in favor of General BANKS, let us here record the fact that he *declined the honor of a serenade* offered to him a few evenings ago. It is truly said by old BILL SHAKESPEARE that

> "The man who hath not music in himself
> Is fit for treason, stratagems, and wiles—"

Just so; and it is because General BANKS has "music in himself," perhaps, that he doesn't want to be bothered with it in the shape of a serenade from without.